

Jedi Mind Tricks Lyrics

"Muerte"

De que te quiero, sí, te quiero, te quiero
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[Ikon the Verbal Hologram:]
Enter the eye of the storm
Rappers just battle me for the glory
It gets gory
They shitty like suppositories, that's the end of the story
Bury his body in Missouri
Banish the apparatus of Gladys to crematories
My territory, perimeter of purgatory
Stingy in winches of vicious, malicious inflictions upon your click
Circulatory
Causing head spasms
Rip through your motherfucking temple like Phantasm
Hologram has'em and walks through the holy arches
Left you in the forest with your carcass in the harness
Death is upon us, we slam like Adrian Adonis
Swarm on the warm blood like malicious piranhas
Islamic Bombers, no contender is parallel
When I'm on paper, devastate'em like 7L
So where I dwell, without question rattles the league
Left you in a vessel with severe battle fatigue
Before you leave I insist you listen to more raps
Before I saw cats, making weapons out of your thorax

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[Jus Allah:]
I inhale toxins
Drunk off blood from dead cops and
The watchmen, that kill us in this maze we locked in
Side Cobra Clutch, only truth can sober us
Wild cause we know there's no Jehovah watching over us
Only 10 percent that's controlling us
Try to take our souls from us, while they stay patrolling us
Caged in we break barriers, change to new areas
Dodgin' the pigs in chariots out to bury us
Jus Allah don't make threats
Leave your fuckin' necks clipped
Have you speakin' the manual alphabet
Seein' me is def not repeated or done twice
I laugh as I cast the first stones at Christ
Joint in ace bands, you move to Graceland and Satan

Mics spray then, bury flesh in wasteland
Infect you
Inject you with the gunpowder pegs
Indent your forehead with hot lead
Whether in the abode of the dead
Or resting in the Zions
Allah stay chasin' the dough like wild lions
Unchained tearin' your flesh we unfed
Flyin' through, like birds we takin' your daily bread

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[Excerpt from "Greater Love" by Wilfred Owen:]

Kindness of wooed and wooer
Seems shame to their love pure
O Love, your eyes lose lure
When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!
Your slender attitude
Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife-skewed
Rolling and rolling there
Where God seems not to care:
Till the fierce love they bear
Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude
Your voice sings not so soft,—
Though even as wind murmuring through raftered loft,—
Your dear voice is not dear
Gentle, and evening clear
As theirs whom none now hear
Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths that coughed